









# THE SNAKE'S PASS.

By BRAM STOKER, M.A.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## A MIDNIGHT TREASURE HUNT.

Do any of us who arrive at middle life ever attempt to remember our feelings on receiving the first letter from the woman or the man of our love? Can there come across the long expanse of common life, strewn as it is with lost beliefs and shattered hopes, any echo—any after-glow—of that time, any dim recollection of the thrill of pride and joy that flashed through us at such a moment? Can we rouse ourselves from the creeping lethargy of the contented existence of things, and feel the generous life-blood flowing through us once again? Can we feel the letter in my hand, and it seemed as though with but one more step I should hold my darling herself in my arms. I opened her letter most carefully; anything that her hands had touched was sacred to me. And then her message—the message of her heart to mine—sent direct and without any intermediary reached me:

"MY DEAR ARTHUR—  
"I hope you had a good journey, and that you enjoyed your trip to Paris. Father and I are both well, and we have had excellent news of Eugene, who has been promoted to more important work. We have seen Mr. Sunderland every day. He says that everything is going just as well. Mr. Murdock has taken old Dick Moynahan to live with him since you went; they are always together, and Moynahan seems to be always drunk. Father thinks that Mr. Murdock has some purpose on foot, and that he will be a good one. We shall all be glad to see you again. I am afraid his letter must seem very odd to you; but you know I am not accustomed to writing letters. You must believe one thing—that whatever I say to you I believe and feel with all my heart. I got your letters, and I cannot tell you what pleasure they gave me, or how I treasure them. Father sends his love and says that I should send that words could carry I may not try yet. Perhaps I shall be more able to do what I wish when I know more."  
"NORAH."

The letter disappointed me! Was any young man ever yet satisfied with written words when his medium has hitherto been his lips, with the commensurate of his own voice? And yet when I look back on that letter from a peasant girl, without high education or knowledge of the world, and who had possibly never written a letter before except to her father or brother, or a girl friend—and but few even of these—when I read in every word its simplicity and truth, and recognize the earnestness of that simple phrase, "whatever I say to you I believe and feel with all my heart," I find it hard to think that any other letter that she or any one else could have written could have been more suitable or could have meant more.

When I had read Norah's letter over a few times, and when Mr. Chapman would take humorous notice of my absorption, I turned to the other letter, which I knew was from Dick. I brought this from the window to the table, beside which I sat down to read it. Mr. Chapman being still deep in his own neglected correspondence.

I need not give his letter in detail. It was long and full of details, and told me accurately of every step taken and everything accomplished since I had seen him. Mr. Caiey had made his appearance, as arranged, and the two had talked over and settled affairs. Mr. Caiey had lost no time, and for some time had favoured him that he found that near as he feared that the other side of the hill wished to emigrate, and so were anxious to realise on their holdings. The estate from which they held was in bankruptcy, and as a sale was then being effected, Mr. Caiey had purchased the estate, and then made arrangements for all who wished to purchase to do so on easy terms from the estate. He had long and long talked with me, and told me that he had certain formalities should be complied with, and certain moneys paid. I should hold the whole of Knockallacore and the land immediately adjoining it, together with certain other parcels of land in the neighbourhood. There were other matters of interest also in his letter. He told me that Mr. Murdock had completed the damming up of the stream which ran from his land into the Cliff Fields by blocking with great stones the narrow chine in the rock through which it fell; that this, coupled with the continuous rains had made the bog rise enormously, and that he feared much that there would be some disaster. His fear was increased by what had taken place at Knockallacore. Even here the cuttings had shown some direful effects of the rain; the openings, made with so much trouble, had become choked, and as a consequence the bog had risen again, and had even spread towards its original position. Alarmed by these things, Dick had again warned Murdock of the danger in which he stood from the position of his house; and further, from tampering with the solid bounds of the bog itself. Murdock had not taken his warnings in good part—not any better than usual, and the interview had ended, as usual, with the quarrel the occasion of ventilating his grievance against me for buying the whole mountain, for by this time it had leaked out that I was the purchaser. His language, Dick said, was awful. He cursed me and all belonging to me. He cursed Joyce and Norah, and Dick himself, and swore that he would go on, and not the faintest shadow of proof, and I really want help and advice.

"Tell me all about it."  
"I shall, exactly as I remember it, and when I have told you, you may be able to draw some conclusion which I cannot."  
"Go on! but remember I am, as yet, in ignorance of what it is all about. You must not take any knowledge on my part for granted."  
"I'll bear it in mind. Well, you remember what I said in my letter, and that I had a suspicion of Mr. Murdock, and intended watching him? I nodded. Two nights after I had written that, the evening was dark and wet—just the weather I would have chosen myself had I had any mysterious purpose on hand. As soon as it got dark I put on my black waterproof and fishing boots and a good wader, and then I set out for any croaking or lying down that might be required. I waited outside Murdock's house in the laneway, where I could see from the shadows on the window that both men were in the house. I told you that old Dick

Moynahan had taken up his residence entirely with the gnomes man—  
"And that he was always drunk!"  
"Exactly! I see you understand the situation. Presently I heard a stumble on the stone outside the porch, and peeping in through the hedge I saw Murdock holding up old Moynahan. Then he shut the door and they came down the path. The wind was by this time blowing pretty strongly, and made a loud noise in the hedges, and bore in the roar of the surf. Neither of the men could hear me, for I took care I followed them to keep on the leeward side, and always with something between us. Murdock did not seem to have the slightest suspicion that any one was even on the hill, and I was listening, and he did not even lower his tone as he spoke. Moynahan was too drunk to either know or care how loud he spoke, and indeed both had to speak pretty loud in order to be heard through the sound of the growing storm. The rain fell in torrents, and when I passed the door I saw the men stumbling and slipping. I followed on the other side of the hedge, and I can tell you I felt grateful to the original Mackintosh, or Golaoh, or whatever was the name of the Johnny who invented waterproof. When they had reached the foot of the hill, they went on the road which curves round by the south-east, and I managed to scramble through the fir wood without losing sight of them. When they came to the bridge over the stream, where it runs out on the north side of the peninsula, they turned upon the far bank. I slipped over the bridge behind them, and got on the far side of the fringe of the ferns. They stopped, and I waited for a while, and I was not a few feet from them I heard every word which passed. Murdock began by saying to Moynahan:

"Now, keep yer wits about ye, if ye can. Ye'll get lashin' in y' drink when we get back, but remember ye promised to go over the ground where y' father shined ye that the Frinchin an' no logs is like ashies—I can't find them at all!"  
"All right!" said the other, "walk on a little bit—straight—as ye're going now—I'll just stoop to cork the bottle."  
"From my position I could see their movements, and, as I am a living man, I saw Murdock turn him with his back to the bottle, and I saw him walk straight to his death!"  
"Good God! Dick—are you quite certain?"  
"I haven't the smallest doubt on my mind. I wish I could have, for it's a terrible thing to remember! That attempt to murder in the dark and the storm, comes between me and sleep! Moreover, Murdock's action the instant after showed only too clearly what he intended. He turned quickly away, and I could hear him mutter as he moved past me on his way down the hill:

"He'll not trouble me now—cursing him! an' his shav'n won't be required; I'll be at it myself, and as though to himself, and I heard him say:  
"An' when I do get the chist, Miss Norah, ye'll be the next!"  
My blood began to boil as I heard of the villain's threat. "Where is he, Dick? He must deal with me!"  
"Ready, Art! steady!" and Dick laid his hand on me.  
"Go on!" I said.  
"I couldn't go after him, for I had to watch Moynahan, whom I followed close, and I caught hold of as soon as I thought Murdock was too far to see me. I was only just in time, for as I touched him he staggered, lurched forward, and was actually beginning to sink in the bog. It was at one of those spots where the rock runs sheer down into the morass. It took all my strength to pull him out, and when I did get him on the rock he sank down again into his drunken sleep. I thought the wisest thing I could do was to go to Joyce's for help; and as, thanks to my experience, I knew the ground fairly well, I was able to find my way—although the task was a slow and difficult one.  
When I got near I saw a light at the window. My rubber boots, I suppose, and the splash of the falling rain dulled my footsteps, for as I drew near I could see the man in a low horrible light at the window, but he did not hear me. I crept up behind the hedge and watched him. He went to the door and knocked—evidently not for the first time; then the door was opened, and I could see Joyce's figure against the light that came from the kitchen.  
"Who's there? What is it?" he asked. Then I heard Murdock's voice:  
"I'm lookin' for poor old Moynahan. He was out on the hill in the evening, but he hasn't come home, an' I'm anxious about him, for he had a fall in him, an' I fear he may have fallen into the bog. I've been out looking for him, but I can't find him. I thought he might have been here. No, he has not been here. Are you sure he was on the hill?"  
"Well, thought so—but what ought I to do? I'd be thankful if ye'd advise me. Be the way, what o'clock might it be now?"  
"Norah, who had joined her father, ran and looked at the clock.  
"It is just ten minutes past twelve," she said.  
"I don't know what's to be done," said Joyce. "Could he have got to the shobden?"  
"That's a good idea? I suppose I'd better go there an' look after him. Ye see, I'm anxious about him, for he's been in y' widdie, an' if anything happened to him, people might say I done it!"  
"That's a queer thing for him to say!" said Norah to her father.  
"Murdock turned on her at once.  
"Quare thing—no more quare than the others they'll be saying about you before long!"  
"What do you mean?" said Joyce, coming out.  
"Oh, nawthin', nawthin'! I must look for Moynahan." And without a word he turned and ran. Joyce and Norah went into the house. When Murdock had quite gone I knocked at the door, and Joyce came out like a thunderbolt.  
"I've got ye now, ye ruffian!" he shouted—"what did ye mean to say to me daughter?" but by this time I stood in the light, and he recognised me.  
"Hush! I said let me in quietly, and when I passed in we shut the door. Then I told them that I had been out on the mountain, and had found Moynahan. I told them both that they must not ask me any questions, or let on to a soul that I had told them anything—that much might depend on it—for, thought, Art, old Murdock, ye had better not be mixed up in it, however the matter

not watched, they trespassed on Joyce's land, to get near a certain part of the bog.

"I mean to watch them the first dark night," wrote Dick, at the close of his letter; "for I cannot help thinking that there is some devilment on foot. I don't suppose you care much for the treasure—you've got a bigger treasure from Knockallacore than ever was hidden in it by men—but, all the same, it is yours after Murdock's time is up; and, as the guardian of your interest, I feel that I have a right to do what ever may be necessary to protect you. I have seen, at times, Murdock give such a look at Moynahan out of the corner of his eyes—when he thought no one was looking—that, upon my soul, I am afraid he means—if he gets the chance—to murder the old man, after he has pumped him of all he knows. I don't want to accuse a man of such an intention, without being able to prove it, and, of course, he said nothing to a soul; but I shall be really most comfortable in my mind when the man has gone away."

By the time I had finished the letter, Mr. Chapman had run through his correspondence—vacation business was not much in his way—and we discussed affairs.

The settlement of matters connected with my estate, and the purchase of Knockallacore, together with the making of certain purchases, including a ring for Norah, kept me a few days in London; but at length all was complete, and I started on my trip to the West of Ireland. Before leaving, I wrote to Norah that I would be at Knockallacore on the morning of the 29th October, and also to Dick, who was at the cottage at Galway, to meet me at Galway on the morning of the 19th, for I preferred rather to have the drive in solitude, than to be subjected to the interruptions of casual fellow-passengers.

At Dublin Mr. Caiey met me, as agreed, and together we went to various courts, chambers, offices, and banks, to complete the purchase of all the claims official formalities and eccentricities habitual to a country whose administration has traditionally adopted and adapted every possible development of all belonging to red-tape.

At last, however, all was completed; and very early the next morning Mr. Caiey took his seat in the carriage, and I expressed in a carriage with the owner of Knockallacore, to whom he had been formally appointed Irish law agent. The journey was not a long one, and it was only twelve o'clock when we steamed into Galway. As we drew up at the platform, I saw Dick, who had come over to meet me, and, as I thought, looking a little pale and anxious; but as he did not say anything containing the slightest hint of any cause for such a thing, I concluded that he wished to wait until we were alone. This, however, was not to be for a little while; for Mr. Caiey had telegraphed to order lunch at his house, and as he was waiting for it, he walked over, although Andy, who was in waiting outside the station, grinning from ear to ear, offered to "rowl our an' us over in half a jiffy."

Lunch over, and our bodies the richer for some of Mr. Caiey's excellent port, we prepared to start. Dick took occasion to whisper to me:

"Some time ago the doctor proposed to walk for a bit, and send on the car. I want a talk with you alone, without making a mystery!"  
"All right, Dick. Is it a serious matter?"  
"Very serious!"

When, some miles on our road, we came to a long stretch of moorland, I told Andy to stop till we got off. This being done, I told him to go on and wait for us at the next house, as we wished to have a walk.

"The next house?" queried Andy. "The very next house? Must it be the same?"  
"No, Andy," I answered, "the next after that will do equally well, or the third if it is not too far off. Why do you ask?"

"Well, yer an' me, to tell ye the truth there's a gurril at the house beyond what thinks it's a long time on the road I am without don't anything about settlin' down, an' that's the time I asked for, for in, anyhow. Masha! but it's afeard I am to stop there, fur maybe she'd take advantage of me when she's alone, and as I have to wait there till yer come, an' me so soft-hearted, that maybe I'd say too much or too little."

"Why too much or too little?"  
"Faix! if I said too much I might be settled down before the month was out; an' if I said too little I might have a gurril lakin' black at me, for I told ye that the house beyond it is a public an' shure I know I'm safe there anyhow—if me druthr'll only hold out!"

"I took the hint, and Andy spun my shilling in the air as he drove off. Dick and I walked together, and when he was out of earshot I said:

"Now, old fellow, we are alone! What is it about Murdock?"  
"Not more than you told me in your letter, I hope. I owe you a good turn for that thrashing you gave him!"  
"Oh, that was nothing; it was a labour of love! What I want to speak of is the matter of the bog, and the danger of the house. I don't think I should touch Norah, I hope?"

"I said anxiously, 'This individual thing is not, thank God! but everything which that ruffian can do to worry her or any of us will be done. We'll have to watch him closely.'"  
"What is this new thing?"  
"It's about old Moynahan. I am in some doubt and anxiety as to what I should do. At present I have only suspicion to go on, and not the faintest shadow of proof, and I really want help and advice."

"Tell me all about it."  
"I shall, exactly as I remember it, and when I have told you, you may be able to draw some conclusion which I cannot."  
"Go on! but remember I am, as yet, in ignorance of what it is all about. You must not take any knowledge on my part for granted."  
"I'll bear it in mind. Well, you remember what I said in my letter, and that I had a suspicion of Mr. Murdock, and intended watching him? I nodded. Two nights after I had written that, the evening was dark and wet—just the weather I would have chosen myself had I had any mysterious purpose on hand. As soon as it got dark I put on my black waterproof and fishing boots and a good wader, and then I set out for any croaking or lying down that might be required. I waited outside Murdock's house in the laneway, where I could see from the shadows on the window that both men were in the house. I told you that old Dick

Moynahan had taken up his residence entirely with the gnomes man—

"And that he was always drunk!"  
"Exactly! I see you understand the situation. Presently I heard a stumble on the stone outside the porch, and peeping in through the hedge I saw Murdock holding up old Moynahan. Then he shut the door and they came down the path. The wind was by this time blowing pretty strongly, and made a loud noise in the hedges, and bore in the roar of the surf. Neither of the men could hear me, for I took care I followed them to keep on the leeward side, and always with something between us. Murdock did not seem to have the slightest suspicion that any one was even on the hill, and I was listening, and he did not even lower his tone as he spoke. Moynahan was too drunk to either know or care how loud he spoke, and indeed both had to speak pretty loud in order to be heard through the sound of the growing storm. The rain fell in torrents, and when I passed the door I saw the men stumbling and slipping. I followed on the other side of the hedge, and I can tell you I felt grateful to the original Mackintosh, or Golaoh, or whatever was the name of the Johnny who invented waterproof. When they had reached the foot of the hill, they went on the road which curves round by the south-east, and I managed to scramble through the fir wood without losing sight of them. When they came to the bridge over the stream, where it runs out on the north side of the peninsula, they turned upon the far bank. I slipped over the bridge behind them, and got on the far side of the fringe of the ferns. They stopped, and I waited for a while, and I was not a few feet from them I heard every word which passed. Murdock began by saying to Moynahan:

"Now, keep yer wits about ye, if ye can. Ye'll get lashin' in y' drink when we get back, but remember ye promised to go over the ground where y' father shined ye that the Frinchin an' no logs is like ashies—I can't find them at all!"  
"All right!" said the other, "walk on a little bit—straight—as ye're going now—I'll just stoop to cork the bottle."  
"From my position I could see their movements, and, as I am a living man, I saw Murdock turn him with his back to the bottle, and I saw him walk straight to his death!"  
"Good God! Dick—are you quite certain?"  
"I haven't the smallest doubt on my mind. I wish I could have, for it's a terrible thing to remember! That attempt to murder in the dark and the storm, comes between me and sleep! Moreover, Murdock's action the instant after showed only too clearly what he intended. He turned quickly away, and I could hear him mutter as he moved past me on his way down the hill:

"He'll not trouble me now—cursing him! an' his shav'n won't be required; I'll be at it myself, and as though to himself, and I heard him say:  
"An' when I do get the chist, Miss Norah, ye'll be the next!"  
My blood began to boil as I heard of the villain's threat. "Where is he, Dick? He must deal with me!"  
"Ready, Art! steady!" and Dick laid his hand on me.  
"Go on!" I said.

"I couldn't go after him, for I had to watch Moynahan, whom I followed close, and I caught hold of as soon as I thought Murdock was too far to see me. I was only just in time, for as I touched him he staggered, lurched forward, and was actually beginning to sink in the bog. It was at one of those spots where the rock runs sheer down into the morass. It took all my strength to pull him out, and when I did get him on the rock he sank down again into his drunken sleep. I thought the wisest thing I could do was to go to Joyce's for help; and as, thanks to my experience, I knew the ground fairly well, I was able to find my way—although the task was a slow and difficult one.  
When I got near I saw a light at the window. My rubber boots, I suppose, and the splash of the falling rain dulled my footsteps, for as I drew near I could see the man in a low horrible light at the window, but he did not hear me. I crept up behind the hedge and watched him. He went to the door and knocked—evidently not for the first time; then the door was opened, and I could see Joyce's figure against the light that came from the kitchen.

"Who's there? What is it?" he asked. Then I heard Murdock's voice:  
"I'm lookin' for poor old Moynahan. He was out on the hill in the evening, but he hasn't come home, an' I'm anxious about him, for he had a fall in him, an' I fear he may have fallen into the bog. I've been out looking for him, but I can't find him. I thought he might have been here. No, he has not been here. Are you sure he was on the hill?"  
"Well, thought so—but what ought I to do? I'd be thankful if ye'd advise me. Be the way, what o'clock might it be now?"  
"Norah, who had joined her father, ran and looked at the clock.  
"It is just ten minutes past twelve," she said.  
"I don't know what's to be done," said Joyce. "Could he have got to the shobden?"  
"That's a good idea? I suppose I'd better go there an' look after him. Ye see, I'm anxious about him, for he's been in y' widdie, an' if anything happened to him, people might say I done it!"  
"That's a queer thing for him to say!" said Norah to her father.  
"Murdock turned on her at once.  
"Quare thing—no more quare than the others they'll be saying about you before long!"  
"What do you mean?" said Joyce, coming out.  
"Oh, nawthin', nawthin'! I must look for Moynahan." And without a word he turned and ran. Joyce and Norah went into the house. When Murdock had quite gone I knocked at the door, and Joyce came out like a thunderbolt.  
"I've got ye now, ye ruffian!" he shouted—"what did ye mean to say to me daughter?" but by this time I stood in the light, and he recognised me.  
"Hush! I said let me in quietly, and when I passed in we shut the door. Then I told them that I had been out on the mountain, and had found Moynahan. I told them both that they must not ask me any questions, or let on to a soul that I had told them anything—that much might depend on it—for, thought, Art, old Murdock, ye had better not be mixed up in it, however the matter

in a pause he spoke as the bottle popped again.  
"Have a sup; it'll kape out the cold!" Moynahan took the bottle.  
"Here's death and damnation to Black Gomben!" and the gurgling was heard again.  
"Come! now, show me the spot where yer father last saw the min!" Murdock spoke authoritatively, and the other responded mechanically, and ran rather than walked along the side of the hill. Suddenly he stopped.  
"Here's the spot!" he said, and incontinently tumbled down.  
"Get up! Wake up!" shouted Murdock in his ear. But the whisky had done its work; the man slept, breathing heavily, and, regardless of the storm and the drenching rain. Murdock gathered a few stones and placed them together—I could hear the sound as they touched each other. Then he, too, took a pull at the bottle, and sat down beside Moynahan. I moved off a little, and when I came to the bush got behind for a little shelter, and raising myself looked round. We were quite close to the edge of the bog, about half-way between Joyce's house and Murdock's, and well on in Joyce's land. I was not satisfied as to what Murdock would do, so I waited.

"Fully and soundly by without any stir, and then I heard Murdock trying to awaken old Moynahan. I got down on the ground again and crawled over close to them. I heard Murdock shake the old man, and shout in his ear; presently the latter awoke, and the gnomes man gave him another dose of whisky. This seemed to revive him a little, as well as to complete his awakening.  
"Musha! but it's cold I am!" he shivered.  
"Bogor it is—git up and come home!" said Murdock, and he dragged the old man to his feet.  
"Hould me up, Murtagh," said the latter, "I'm that cold I can't stand an' no logs is like ashies—I can't find them at all!"  
"All right!" said the other, "walk on a little bit—straight—as ye're going now—I'll just stoop to cork the bottle."

"From my position I could see their movements, and, as I am a living man, I saw Murdock turn him with his back to the bottle, and I saw him walk straight to his death!"  
"Good God! Dick—are you quite certain?"  
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"Get up! Wake up!" shouted Murdock in his ear. But the whisky had done its work; the man slept, breathing heavily, and, regardless of the storm and the drenching rain. Murdock gathered a few stones and placed them together—I could hear the sound as they touched each other. Then he, too, took a pull at the bottle, and sat down beside Moynahan. I moved off a little, and when I came to the bush got behind for a little shelter, and raising myself looked round. We were quite close to the edge of the bog, about half-way between Joyce's house and Murdock's, and well on in Joyce's land. I was not satisfied as to what Murdock would do, so I waited.

"Fully and soundly by without any stir, and then I heard Murdock trying to awaken old Moynahan. I got down on the ground again and crawled over close to them. I heard Murdock shake the old man, and shout in his ear; presently the latter awoke, and the gnomes man gave him another dose of whisky. This seemed to revive him a little, as well as to complete his awakening.  
"Musha! but it's cold I am!" he shivered.  
"Bogor it is—git up and come home!" said Murdock, and he dragged the old man to his feet.  
"Hould me up, Murtagh," said the latter, "I'm that cold I can't stand an' no logs is like ashies—I can't find them at all!"  
"All right!" said the other, "walk on a little bit—straight—as ye're going now—I'll just stoop to cork the bottle."

"From my position I could see their movements, and, as I am a living man, I saw Murdock turn him with his back to the bottle, and I saw him walk straight to his death!"  
"Good God! Dick—are you quite certain?"  
"I haven't the smallest doubt on my mind. I wish I could have, for it's a terrible thing to remember! That attempt to murder in the dark and the storm, comes between me and sleep! Moreover, Murdock's action the instant after showed only too clearly what he intended. He turned quickly away, and I could hear him mutter as he moved past me on his way down the hill:

"He'll not trouble me now—cursing him! an' his shav'n won't be required; I'll be at it myself, and as though to himself, and I heard him say:  
"An' when I do get the chist, Miss Norah, ye'll be the next!"  
My blood began to boil as I heard of the villain's threat. "Where is he, Dick? He must deal with me!"  
"Ready, Art! steady!" and Dick laid his hand on me.  
"Go on!" I said.

"I couldn't go after him, for I had to watch Moynahan, whom I followed close, and I caught hold of as soon as I thought Murdock was too far to see me. I was only just in time, for as I touched him he staggered, lurched forward, and was actually beginning to sink in the bog. It was at one of those spots where the rock runs sheer down into the morass. It took all my strength to pull him out, and when I did get him on the rock he sank down again into his drunken sleep. I thought the wisest thing I could do was to go to Joyce's for help; and as, thanks to my experience, I knew the ground fairly well, I was able to find my way—although the task was a slow and difficult one.  
When I got near I saw a light at the window. My rubber boots, I suppose, and the splash of the falling rain dulled my footsteps, for as I drew near I could see the man in a low horrible light at the window, but he did not hear me. I crept up behind the hedge and watched him. He went to the door and knocked—evidently not for the first time; then the door was opened, and I could see Joyce's figure against the light that came from the kitchen.

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"Who's there? What is it?" he asked. Then I heard Murdock's voice:  
"I'm lookin' for poor old Moynahan. He was out on the hill in the evening, but he hasn't come home, an' I'm anxious about him, for he had a fall in him, an' I fear he may have fallen into the bog. I've been out looking for him, but I can't find him. I thought he might have been here. No, he has not been here. Are you sure he was on the hill?"  
"Well, thought so—but what ought I to do? I'd be thankful if ye'd advise me. Be the way, what o'clock might it be now?"  
"Norah, who had joined her father, ran and looked at the clock.  
"It is just ten minutes past twelve," she said.  
"I don't know what's to be done," said Joyce. "Could he have got to the shobden?"  
"That's a good idea? I suppose I'd better go there an' look after him. Ye see, I'm anxious about him, for he's been in y' widdie, an' if anything happened to him, people might say I done it!"  
"That's a queer thing for him to say!" said Norah to her father.  
"Murdock turned on her at once.  
"Quare thing—no more quare than the others they'll be saying about you before long!"  
"What do you mean?" said Joyce, coming out.  
"Oh, nawthin', nawthin'! I must look for Moynahan." And without a word he turned and ran. Joyce and Norah went into the house. When Murdock had quite gone I knocked at the door, and Joyce came out like a thunderbolt.  
"I've got ye now, ye ruffian!" he shouted—"what did ye mean to say to me daughter?" but by this time I stood in the light, and he recognised me.  
"Hush! I said let me in quietly, and when I passed in we shut the door. Then I told them that I had been out on the mountain, and had found Moynahan. I told them both that they must not ask me any questions, or let on to a soul that I had told them anything—that much might depend on it—for, thought, Art, old Murdock, ye had better not be mixed up in it, however the matter

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**THE M.P.**

## OLD ISAAC

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway have consented, for the convenience of the Amberley anglers to allow the Pe-

**PIPER PAN.**

The Musical Courier, an admirably conducted American musical journal, has

**BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.**

Here is a question for cat fanciers. "Pintus" has a cat that has lately given birth to a tortoiseshell male kitten. What is its market value? I know that genuine tortoiseshell toms often fetch very high prices, but am not quite certain as to what this cat is worth. Is it a "cat" or is it a "cat" that is black and brown all over? Or may white also enter into its colour? Although I am very fond of cats I must confess that I am very ignorant about their show points, &c.; but as cat breeding and exhibiting are popular hobbies here I am sure that you will be able to give my readers who can give "Pintus" the desired information, viz., what are the

## THE ACTOR.

Now that King Frost has fairly given warning that winter has begun, all charitable organisations should set to work at once upon their preparations for a campaign against

**MADAME.**

is most becoming, giving a smart appearance. The ornaments for bonnets are quite the rage, and they are in various forms, butterflies, lizards, &c. coronets, crescents, &c., and give a bright and striking effect to winter bonnet. Yellow crimson with black velvet are the most fashionable colours just now. Another prettiness and stylish shape for bonnets is a plain hair comb that comes low over the hair in front; the trimming at the back is raised bestowing upon the bonnet somewhat the appearance of a helmet. This style is specially becoming.

**MR. WHEELER.**

The heavy rain at the end of last week did off roads an immensity of good. Some who were previously almost as heavy going in Sahara, acquired quite a soft character; while loose stones, and some blocking wheels of heavy vehicles, disappeared as if by magic. It has been a very trying time of autumn for roads that are not regularly watered; rarely do I remember so many broken stretches. From this time out it will be all the other way about, and we shall be grubbing lustily at mud instead of at sand. There is not much to choose between the two as immediately to use.

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**MEDALS FOR BRAVERY.**  
At their monthly meeting, held under the  
presidency of Sir Henry Cartwright, the

Committee of the Royal Humane Society awarded medals and testimonials to a large number of persons for saving, or to a large number of persons for attempting to save, life under circumstances of difficulty among the principal recipients were Mr. E. P. Clarke, aged 18, son of Sir Edward Clarke, the Solicitor-General, for saving his younger brother, seven years old, who fell out of a punt nearly in mid-channel at Staines, on September 3rd, and Mr. J. Staines, who performed music, for saving Emily Sullivan, who attempted suicide in the Thames, at Greenwich, on September 15th.

Mr. J. W. Ingram, traveller for Messrs. Messenger, of Birmingham, has died very suddenly at Sheffield. He was making his usual half-yearly visit, and left his home at King's Head, apparently in the best of health. A few minutes before he died in the street, he had managed to return to his hotel, where he died in a few minutes. He was 72 years of age, and one of the best known commercial travellers in England.

**ALL IN SEARCH OF HEALTH,  
STRENGTH, AND VIGOUR**

**SHOULD**

**STOP TAKING POISONOUS DRUGS and QUACK**  
**MEDICINES and try Nature's Remedy—Electricity—**  
applied in the most pleasant and effective form pos-  
sible, by simply wearing

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It has cured thousands, and is strongly recommended by the highest medical and scientific authorities in the world. It is as effective as a surgical knife, and a cure, and is invaluable in all cases of

**NERVOUS, MUSCULAR, OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS.**

**RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS, &c.**  
Beware of Frauds.

**HARNER'S WORLD-FAMED ELECTROPATHIC BELLY**  
has been in use for over a century, and has proved an unexcusable blessing to suffering humanity in all parts of the world. Its operation is based on strictly scientific principles, are guaranteed to generate solid continuous currents, which are so important to the system as to never run short of the system. They are positively the only bona-fide capactive (air-line) belts which the public may purchase. Beware of cheap imitations, call at the Company's Institute, and see them scientifically tested.

Note Address  
The Medical Battery Co. (Ld.),  
8, Oxford-street, London, W.

<b>PAMPHLET</b>	<b>AND CONSULTATION</b>	<b>FREE</b>
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**M**EDICAL PATRONAGE.  
**R**EFERENCE IS PERMITTED.  
 To many eminent Medical Men; but owing to personal and family engagements, they are unable to give their names and personal disquietude, we are unable to give their original testimonials may, however, be personally inspected at the Electrotypical Institute, 25, Oxford-street, London, W., where copies may be had on application.  
**M**R. C. B. HARNES.  
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**M**EN WITH WEAK NERVES.  
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 PRIVATE CONSULTATION FREE.

**MEN who SUFFER from NERVOUS EXHAUSTION**  
 Physical Weakness and the Derangement of the Nervous  
 System, should either call and avail themselves of a free  
 personal consultation, or write at once for pamphlet, entitled  
 "THE MEDICAL USES OF THE ELECTRIC CURRENT" and post-  
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 All communications are requested to be strictly private and  
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 is a guaranteed genuine Electric appliance, which  
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 for the relief of all ailments - call now - it is especially useful in  
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**THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD IT** Should not fail to  
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**LARGEST MEDICO-ELECTRIC INSTITUTIONS IN THE  
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"SWEET RELIEF."  
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**VIOLENT COUGH EXHAUSTED** **KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES**  
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"54, Commercial-road, Peckham, July 12.  
 "Dear Sir:—I am a poor hand at expressing  
 feelings on paper, but I should like to thank  
 you for the lozenges I have done wonders for me in  
 having my terrible cough. Since I had the op-  
 tion of "Vaseline-oil" than came as the late  
 war of Germany and, unlike him, thank  
 I am still alive and continue on well performed  
 at Bartholomew's Hospital, if I do not, I  
 paralyze of the vocal chords, no one could  
 have done it so well as you. My cough, which  
 was so bad at times that it quite exhausted  
 the nurse and, who was very copious and  
 has been so, and I have been able to get  
 of it without difficulty.—I am, Sir, yours truly  
 "Mr. T. Keatinge." **KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES**

**MEDICAL NOTE.**  
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**MEDICAL NOTE.**  
**MEDICAL NOTE.**

The above speaks for itself. From strict  
 cure it appears that the benefit from  
 KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES is enormous.  
 The operation was a social, serene, and  
 performed by the late Mr. Dr. J. T. Keatinge  
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 tion the only means of relief to the  
 Lozenges. So successful are they that  
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 Mr. H. kindly allows my reference to be  
 to him.

**KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.**  
**KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.**  
**KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.**  
**KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.**

"Any Doctor who tell you "there is no  
 Cough Medicine than KEATING'S COUGH  
 Lozenges, if you suffer from cough, but  
 cure; they will cure, and they will not  
 your health: they contain only the purest  
 carefully combined—hold everywhere in  
 time.

**UNRIVALED COUGH REMEDY.**  
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"There is unquestionably" so be-  
 in the whole world for all coughs  
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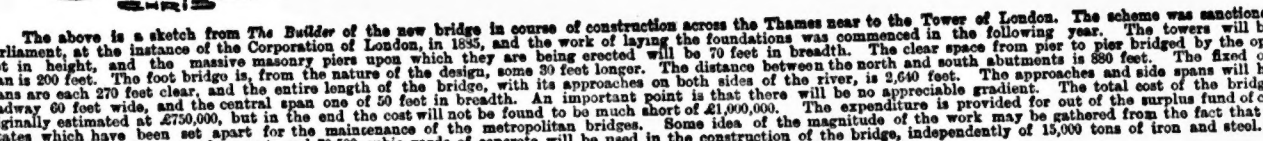
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## THE TOWER BRIDGE.

jewellery, &c., value £500, belonging to Warden Raywood, a commercial traveller from 40, Oxberry Avenue, Fulham, furniture that had been purchased on the hire system. The particulars of the case have already appeared.



It was a most superficial and insufficiently considered measure. It contained no element whatever of a popular or representative character. It did not enter into the question—whether the tribunal

have been constitutionally as to making planks in the Liberal platform that was their business and not his. (Chester) Was there a man who believed it to be within the range of possibility that there could

Four boys who were arrested at New York on the 25th ult., were sentenced to two months' hard labour on a charge of having beaten and robbed Charles O'Brien, a labourer.

in the General Act of the Anti-Slavery Conference for the levying of import duties on the Congo State.



FRED E.

pleated his education under W. L. Hanson. He had his first mount in 1902, and he has been attending meetings in 1902 on Blandford, and was beaten a head. He has been a winning ride was in the Calder Vale Handicap at Halifax. In 1902 he only rode twelve winners, but since then he has steadily progressed until he has reached the top of his profession. He rode 13 winners in 1903, 41 in 1904, 72, 108, and 80 in the six following years, whilst this season he has ridden 39 winners and 208 mounts. He won one Derby on Arrabida in 1908, and one St. Leger on Donovan in 1911. Numerous other triumphs have fallen to his share since he has ridden for the Duke of Cornwall and Alfred Hayhoe's stable. He is a very hard worker, as was proved when he wasted down to ride Alcantara at 7st. 12lb. on a small saddle.

Four boys who were arrested at New Ross on the 25th ult., were sentenced to two months' hard labour on a charge of having beaten an

The *Indépendance Belge* has reason to believe that several of the chief European Governments are making friendly semi-official representations to the Dutch Government to induce it to agree to the provision in the General Act of the Anti-Slavery Convention for the lowering of import duties.

**"MARRIAGE REMEDY."**  
This old and popular Cough Remedy is under the immediate patronage of the Nobility, and much valued by the Church, the Bar, and Members of the Theatrical Profession, to whom a clear and unimpaired voice is important. It can be obtained of chemists in all parts of Her Majesty's Dominions.  
In saloon and cottage alike, Powell's Balsam of Anise

The unpleasant sensation of tickling in the throat, which deprives many of rest during the night by the incessant coughing it causes, is quickly removed by a dose of Fowler's Balsam of Aniseed.

**WARNING.**  
When purchasing Powell's Balsam of Anised, you earnestly request you to see that the "Lion, Net, and Crown" Trade Mark is on the bottle wrapper, and be not persuaded to take imitations.  
**Ask for POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISED.**  
Prepared by **THOMAS POWELL, Blackfriars-road, London.**  
Price is 1s. 6d. and 2s. 3d. per bottle. **Family Medicine**  
can be had.  
**ESTABLISHED 1860.**











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## "THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

There were about 1,700 specimens exhibited at the Crystal Palace dog show.

A girl whose face is her fortune has a million admirers.

Henry M. Stanley now has twenty-four decorations, not counting his wife.

There are about twenty men to one woman holding life insurance policies.

Now know that Mr. Sims Reeves was organist at North Cray Church at the age of 14.

In India the mean duration of life is very mean—only 23 years. In England it is 41 years.

A good jest is like a diamond. Its sparkle is generally the result of much patient grinding.

It has been estimated by competent authorities that about 4,000 stages are annually killed in Scotland.

Mr. Charles Edward Muddie, the founder of the well-known library which bears his name, died at Hampton on Tuesday, at the age of 72. He had been ill for a long time.

"Bravo! my dear Roby," wrote Mr. Morley to the victor of Epsom. "You have won the most opportune and the most important of our victories."

Christina Williams killed her husband, Eli, at their home in Baltimore. The man's head was nearly severed from his body with a razor.

The number of paupers in receipt of relief in August, 1890, was smaller than the number relieved in the corresponding month in thirty out of the thirty-three preceding years.

Lieutenant Stairs, the African traveller, has returned from Canada, and taken over the adjutancy of the Royal Engineers at Aldershot.

The governor of the province of Naples has, it is stated, decided to confiscate the nursery of the Buried Alive, which will hereafter be used for school purposes.

Sir Richard Wallace is said prior to his death to have expressed his last wishes to his wife in a friendly sense to this country with reference to the ultimate destination of his superb collection of works of art.

The whole of Sir Richard Wallace's great wealth and peerless collection of pictures (which includes nineteen examples of Meissonier and fifteen of Greuze) rests in his wife at her own free disposition.

The New Salvation Army Barracks at Holloway is to accommodate 1,500 persons, is situated in Ronald's-road, within a few yards of the Holloway-road, and will cost (including land) in round figures, £35,000.

The Solicitor-general's son, Mr. E. P. Clarke, a young fellow of 19, has received the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving his younger brother, a boy of 7, who fell out of a punt in mid-stream at Staines.

At a gymnasium in Paris it is no uncommon circumstance to see elderly ladies in gymnastic costume exercising on the parallel bars, swings, mechanical horses, &c. Physicians recommend these exercises as a cure for indigestion, and even rheumatism.

Thus Professor Bonny on London as a coal-field: He must regard the search for coal anywhere near London as a very speculative operation, and as far as he judged, there was not much chance of finding it under such conditions as would make it pay for working.

British beer is still rapidly coming into favour in our immense Asiatic Empire. It is stated, indeed, that the annual consumption has very nearly doubled within the last five years, and for the current year will in all probability exceed 3,000,000 gallons.

One of the lady riders at the French Exhibition, Selma King by name, was thrown from her horse owing to the horse of one of the other performers coming into collision with hers. Her leg was fractured, and she was taken to St. George's Hospital.

Pearl fishing is still carried on in the Tay, though by no means to the extent that it used to be. A small boat was recently sent to the lady of the neighbourhood, in which were forty Tay pearls, six of them being large and valuable.

The first touch of winter has been a sharp one in London, according to the report of the Meteorological Office, a shelter thermometer registered a minimum of 24deg., while an instrument fully exposed on the grass fell to 15deg.—thus showing 17deg. of frost.

At the Wandsworth Police Court, a weakly-looking lad named Clarke was sentenced by Mr. Denman to six weeks' hard labour for stealing two turkeys from a field at Merton. The accused pleaded that having had nothing to eat all day he took the turkeys to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

In the Queen's Bench Division, the arguments in the case raising the question whether a mandamus should issue directing the Bishop of London to hear and entertain the matter of a representation made to him with respect to the revenues at St. Paul's Cathedral, have been concluded. Judgment was reserved.

Some young men came and appeared, and called Disraeli on the motives of his marriage. "Gentlemen," said Disraeli, as he rose and left the room, "do none of you know what gratitude is?" Mr. Froude says, "this was the only known instance in which he ever spoke with genuine anger."

Whilst a party of sportsmen were shooting over the Hemstead estate, near Epsom, a young farmer named Freeman, aged 23, caught the trigger of his gun in a bush as he passed through a hedge, firing the contents. The charge entered Freeman's head, which was shattered to atoms, the fragments being blown to a great distance.

Between the 1st of April and the 25th of October the total receipts into the exchequer amounted to £46,324,040, as compared with £45,965,135 in the corresponding period of the last financial year, and the expenditure to £49,833,373, as against £49,400,945. On October 26th the Treasury balance stood at £1,238,908, and on the same date in the previous year at £1,414,712.

The action brought by Messrs. Coutts and Co., bankers, to make Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., the Earl of Leitrim, Lord Arthur, M.P., Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., and Mr. J. H. Balfour, M.P., jointly liable in respect of an overdraft of about £4,000 upon the account of the Irish Exhibition with the bank, came before Mr. Justice Kekewich, who, after hearing the evidence, decided in favour of the defendants.

"Mudie's Select Library" started with a very small and modest beginning. It was first set up in Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, and was not so much a library as a book-seller and stationer's shop, where books were lent out to readers. By little and little it grew until it had to be removed to New Oxford-street, and there expanded gradually into the repository of ever-changing books with which we are familiar.

A summons by the Hammersmith Vestry against the West Metropolitan Tramway Company for not keeping in proper repair the rails along which their lines ran has been heard at the Kensington Petty Sessions. It was stated that the roads referred to were in a very bad state, notwithstanding due notice had been given to the company to repair them; and that numerous accidents occurred in consequence. Evidence having been given in support of this statement, the bench im-

posed penalties of £2 a day for twenty-three days and 25s. costs.

A good novel in the United States goes through a process the reverse of that which prevails in this country. Here when a book has proved its merit in three volumes, a cheap edition is published in one volume for five or six shillings, and people buy the cheap edition, put it on the shelves of their libraries, and keep it. In the United States, when a book has proved its merit in the cheap edition, it is commonly promoted to a hard-bound edition, bought at what is for America a considerable price, and then takes its place of honour on the shelves of private libraries.

It is stated that a great popular opera-house is to be established at Berlin, under the supervision of Herr Angelo Neumann.

"How to Enjoy Good Health" is the cheast-utmost name of a recent pamphlet. Why doesn't somebody tell us how ill-health may be made enjoyable?

"In the scheme of creation," said the religious crank, "woman was an afterthought."

"Yeth," remarked the lipping imbecile, "and tath's been thought after ever thinth."

Joe Pace, a barber on the Cotton Exchange, has the reputation of being one of the most rapid shavers in New York. Fortunately it is not the Pace that kills in the tonsorial art.

Whilst playing football against Lincoln College, Mr. W. B. Thomas, the president of the Oxford University Athletic Club, broke his collar-bone.

Several guineas have from time to time been made as to the total number of deer of all ages which feed in the Scottish forests; the figures given range from 90,000 to 100,000.

Amongst the Equimaux a husband may separate from his wife without any ceremony whatever. Cases are known in which men as well as women have been married six or eight times.

Sir Charles Lowther, Bart., one of the patrons of the Church of England Bazaar Reform Association, has removed the bodies of his family vault, and interred them in the adjoining churchyard.

The death is announced, after a short illness, of Mr. John Hall, the recently-elected prime warden of the Fishmongers' Company. Mr. Hall was also a large shipowner in the Port of London, and a member of the Local Marine Board. He was in his 74th year.

Another new "German African Society" is in course of formation in Berlin, its object being to direct the migrating element in the fatherland to such habitable portions of the dark Continent as South and South-west Africa, Morocco, and Tripoli.

A fire, which resulted in the total destruction of a woollen cloth mill and of property to the value of £20,000, has occurred at Horbury Wakefield. The mill belonged to Messrs. Archer, Ritchie, and Co., and is situated on the banks of the Calder.

Music hall profits are not small. Here are some figures relating to the Adelphi. The net profits were £3,382 in 1887, £2,135 in 1888—the total having been reduced by heavy outlay for repairs to £2,400 in 1889, and £4,400 for the first nine months of the current year. These figures are on the authority of the auctioneer.

"It was," wrote Mr. Gladstone to Madame Patti, after the Edinburgh concert, "a rare treat to hear from your Italian lips the songs of my own tongue rendered with a delicacy of modulation and a fineness of utterance such as no native in my recollection ever reached or even approached."

At the London Court of Bankruptcy, on Wednesday, the first meeting was held of the creditors of Mr. Albert Combe, Castle, club proprietor. The accounts showed gross liabilities £77,317, of which £26,198 are fully secured and £23,786 expected to rank; and assets £23,001. No proposal was made, and the estate will be wound-up in bankruptcy.

Archduke Otto of Austria has had a narrow escape and an exciting adventure. Whilst fox hunting in Hohen he was thrown from his horse and suddenly attacked by a gigantic boar, who turned upon him, burying its tusks in his right foot, tearing away the muscles. The archduke, as rescued by a gamekeeper at the risk of his life.

A horse, carrying a lantern attached to his collar, fell in the Friedrichstrasse, Berlin. The kerosene oil which was in the lantern exploded, enveloping the animal in flames. It started to run down the street, surrounded by fire, the mane and tail, harness and blanket having ignited. The spectacle created wild excitement, and the horse was eventually shot by policemen.

Supplying intoxicating liquor to a police-constable on duty is regarded by the authorities as a very serious offence. At Thames Police Court, the proprietor of the Mallard Arms, St. George-in-the-East, for his part in a transaction of this kind, was fined £5 and costs. But the punishment of the offender was still more severe, he having been dismissed the force by the commissioner of police after twenty years' service.

"There is," says the Bishop of Lincoln, "one argument for shortening the working man's hours of work. That is that, whether sixteen hours a day are or are not too much for bodily strength, they are too much for the heart. If I were to be telling so that I never saw my children except when they were asleep, I should lose one of the greatest helps a man could have—namely, the help of home and the pure love which is to be had there."

At a meeting of the Strand Board of Works on Thursday, Mr. Emden's proposal respecting the subway being made for the storing of the pipes and wires of the gas, water, and electric light companies was the subject of the meeting.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale visited Liverpool on Wednesday to open the new Royal Infirmary, and was entertained at luncheon by the mayor. Although the weather was dull, the streets were crowded with spectators. At the town hall the duke was received by the mayor and presented with an address of welcome, to which he briefly replied. He was afterwards entertained to luncheon, some of the leading citizens being present. Afterwards the duke and party drove to the infirmary and performed the opening ceremony.

The history of the Chapel Royal, Whitehall—which is now the residence of the Duke of Devonshire—dates back to the time of James I, when the whole Palace of Whitehall had become so ruinous that it was determined to rebuild it. Inigo Jones's design was to erect a palace nearly 1,200 feet long and 800 feet deep, but owing to the Civil Wars the Banqueting House was the only portion completed. Charles I. commenced the reconstruction of the chapel, and the great artist received £4,000 for his work. The first of the Georges turned the house into a chapel, but it is said that it was never consecrated.

Representatives of all the principal railways in the country waited upon the President and principal officers of the Board of Trade to indicate portions of the recent report in the railway rates inquiry which they wished to see modified. Sir M. Hicks-Hensh said he would consider any facts and figures they might submit to him; but, without holding a second inquiry, their statement should be made public, so that he might receive the observations of the traders upon it. If he could frame the provisional orders he next

session so as to satisfy the railway interest he would be much pleased.

Kate Field has discovered that American women spend £12,000,000 a year on cosmetics.

Different forms of violence were responsible for fifty deaths in London last week.

Earl Cadogan has consented to address a Conservative meeting at Bolton on the 19th of November.

No fewer than ten infants under a year old were suffocated—"overlain"—in London last week.

Fresno county, Cal., claims to have a tree measuring 123 feet in circumference four feet from the ground.

Out of every 100,000 people in this country, 190 are insane. In France the number is only 97, and in Germany 82.

At Cincinnati, the Sisters of Notre Dame are soon to celebrate their 50th anniversary. These are candid sisters indeed.

There is no busier market-place in the world than the Berlin Bourse. The daily attendance averages from 3,000 to 4,000.

The strike of the New York cigar makers has ended in smoke. The people who smoke the smokes are going to strike next.

There were no less than 417 deaths in London last week from diseases of the respiratory organs.

An elephant's trunk, which turned the scale at 100lbs., was sold at London's ivory sale the other day.

There was again not a single death from small-pox in any of the twenty-eight great towns of England and Wales.

The annual death-rate per 1,000 in London, which had been 17.4 and 20.5 in the preceding two weeks, declined last week to 19.3.

The Earl of Londesborough, who recently provided allotments at Driffield, Yorkshire, is inviting labourers on other parts of his estate to make known their requirements.

There were 70 deaths from measles, 29 from scarlet fever, 21 from diphtheria, 23 from whooping-cough, 15 from enteric fever, and 55 from diarrhoea and dysentery in London last week.

Geoffrey Aughton, of Southport, took a run into the kitchen to amuse his little brother James. Suddenly the gun went off, and poor James was killed.

"It is a fallacy to suppose," so the Lord Chief Justice assures us, "that eloquence has left the bar, lingered in Parliament, and almost deserted the pulpit."

The births in London last week were 339 below, while the deaths exceeded by eleven, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

One of the best things to resist fatigue is music. Girls who could not walk a mile to save their lives, dance in company with a knuck-kneed clarinet and superannuated fiddle from tea-time to sunrise.

A person named Lingo has been detained on a charge of murder by the Philadelphia police. What or whom he slew does not transpire. His name leads one to suppose that it was some language he murdered.

A restaurant proprietor calculates that a man with an average appetite will consume about forty-five tons of food in a lifetime of sixty years—"and pay for it, too, and that's how restaurant keepers manage to live."

A lawsuit begun 200 years ago has just been decided by the Imperial Courts in Leipzig. It is between the city of Lubeck and Mecklenburg, and concerned the possession of lands on the River Trave.

"Never before," says Lord Coleridge, "have civilized nations evinced so great a desire to lessen the sorrow and increase the joy of creation, by however little, as in the present day."

In a chapter on "How Nations Sleep," an American journal admits that English beds are the largest in the world. It is refreshing to be assured that we have something which is bigger than that of our American cousins.

A New Yorker made a terrible blunder the other day. He mistook his own tail for a dog's, and he nearly choked her with a few barks. It is to be feared that this unfortunate error will bring on a bad time for mothers-in-law generally.

The town of Murcia has been declared infected with cholera, and acting on the advice of the Board of Health the Governor has prohibited the entrance into Gibraltar of any person who has resided or been there during the last twenty-one days.

Stephen Lewis, of Sylva, Ga., is reported to have come back to life "on Thursday last" after having been pronounced dead by the coroner. His story is that he was killed by a snake, and investigations showed that the man was in a trance.

A very "tall" snake story comes from Savannah, U.S.A. A monster rattlesnake had charmed a cat, and when the snake was killed "the cat sprang into the air as though released from enthrallment." The snake measured about 5ft., and had twenty-two rattles and a button.

Musical pocket-handkerchiefs are the vogue in New York. They are worked in the shape of notes on a staff and bar in the corner. But there are only seven letters in the musical alphabet, and if your initials are not found among this number you can't have a musical handkerchief.

Are we to have a repetition of the influenza epidemic this winter? For months past there have been several reports of peculiar diseases attacking people in various parts of the continent, and now a strange case has been reported from the famous regiment, the Garde du Corps, stationed at Potsdam, and that fifty valuable animals have already succumbed to the strange malady.

John Peyton, an aged and wealthy farmer of Hancock county, Illinois, has brought a suit for divorce against his wife, whom he, being a bachelor, married in 1882, when she was Mrs. Elizabeth Dock, a thrifty young milliner of Keokuk, Iowa. Peyton alleges, among other things, that she attempted to poison him by putting croton oil in a jug of whisky. The respondent admits having put the oil in the whisky, but says she did it to cure Peyton of the drink habit.

An Australian friend of Mr. Irving sent him a Melbourne paper containing a graphic sketch of his early struggles, by one who wrote with the easy familiarity and fulness of knowledge that only an intimate friend could possess. On returning the newspaper Mr. Irving simply said, "I don't know who he is the writer of this gossip; but he strings together such a collection of fables concerning me that I have read it as if it were part of the 'Arabian Nights.'"

A few days ago Mary Grobowski was married to John Lewinowsky, at Iron Mountain, Michigan. The girl's family invited their Polish friends for miles around to the celebration, and provided eleven kegs of beer by way of refreshments. A man named Dombrowsky made a sneering remark about the bride, and a fight was begun at once. In this Tony Kosobosky was fatally stabbed, and the groom was beaten until insensible. A number of others were injured.

A painful crime has disturbed Perth Amboy, a New Jersey town. The wife of Gader Shook committed suicide by drinking water in which the heads of Lucifer matches had been soaked. Her husband, returning from work and finding her dead, committed suicide with a revolver. The neighbours also found the young babe of the couple dead, and it is supposed the mother gave it some of the poison. The tragedy was caused by bitter enmities

between the couple, Showdash accusing his wife of infidelity.

Rev. Mr. Squeegee to Sunday-school class: Well, children, what did Ananias do?—Johnnie Cuts: He wrote the weather reports.

Surgery is the oldest of the sciences. Adam underwent an operation long before men commenced star-gazing and battery-catching.

Many men fall in love and claim to have lost their hearts, whose experience afterwards convinces them that they lost their heads instead.

Nebraska is a State that looks like taking the place for rapid growth. During the last year the population has increased 135 per cent.

Jay Gould has been giving his views on fashion. He says that under the McKinley tariff coats should be worn longer—say about three years longer.

A Chicago couple have just celebrated their golden wedding by being re-married, with their five little grand-daughters officiating as bridesmaids.

If a man has nothing he must do something to have anything. But if a man has something he needn't do anything to have nothing in a very short time.

In future third-class tickets will be issued by the 2.35 a.m. fast train from Brighton to London Bridge, and by the 1.40 p.m. fast train from London Bridge to Brighton.

Whilst speaking at a Conservative meeting at Scarborough, Mr. A. Duncombe, M.P., was seized with severe illness, which necessitated his immediate removal home.

The German Emperor will be present on the 25th inst. at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the formation of the Feldjäger.

The Empress Frederick has invited M. Angeli, who has painted all the members of her family, to Berlin to paint the portraits of Princess Victoria and her fiancé, Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe.

Bishop Smythies, who is in Berlin, has had a conference with the German Chancellor with the object of establishing a system of co-operation between the English missionaries in Central Africa and the German authorities.

William Adlam, 108 years old, known as the Taunton Patriarch, has just applied personally to the Plymouth guardians for outdoor relief, and was granted it. Adlam lives with a son 50 years of age, and in a hale and hearty. He is frequently seen walking about the streets.

An elderly stevedore, named John Bussey, was at noon recently walking on the after-hatch of the Kaiser-lind at the Royal Albert Dock, when the dog-hooks, in lifting, caught the hatch, throwing the unfortunate man into the hold and killing him instantly. Bussey had worked for the firm many years.

Three French lads have just been landed at Dartmouth. They state they went on board a ship at Dunkirk, and, falling asleep, awoke finding themselves at sea. The ship, written to his friends, and in the meantime they are inmates of the Newton Abbott Workhouse.

It is thought that M. Delany, who was entrusted with the formation of a new Cabinet immediately after M. Tricoupi's resignation, will meet with difficulties in choosing his colleagues. The success of the new administration must depend greatly on the personal characters of M. Delany's fellow-ministers.

In a Congregation of Oxford University, a motion by Professor Carr, rendering incumbent on women candidates for the bachelorship of medicine to pass the same preliminary examination in the classical languages as men, was negatived by a majority of one.

Having recovered from his indisposition, Sir James Hannen will resume his judicial duties on Monday next, when it is understood that he will relieve the Lord Chancellor, who is at present sitting in the place of Lord Justice Cotton in the second Appeal Court.

The recommendation in the final report of the Inspector of the Cape of Good Hope Bank, in all call of £30 per share, payable forthwith, has been confirmed. The court has also sanctioned the acceptance of a compromise, subject to its approval of the terms, and has also authorised the borrowing of a sufficient sum to pay an immediate dividend of 5s. in the pound.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley visited Manchester on Tuesday, and opened the new buildings of the Boys' Refuge, which had been erected at a cost of £10,000. The ceremony was performed by Mrs. Stanley, to whom an address was presented, in which reference was made to the sympathy with which she had sketched child-life in London. Mention was also made of the achievements of her husband.

Mr. Justice Charles tried an action for libel, brought by Mr. A. L. Wilson, a tea-merchant of Bush-lane, against the Financial Times, arising out of comments on the plaintiff's appointment as Honorary Director of the Nottingham and Derby Water-Gas Company. Although acquitting the defendants of malice, his lordship awarded the plaintiff £250 damages.

A few years ago it was impossible to get a popular vote in favour of the adoption of the Free Libraries Act in any part of London. Now one metropolitan borough after another accepts the measure, and soon a constituency without a free library will be hard to find. Nottingham is the latest accession to the list, having given a majority of 793 in favour of adoption.

Signor Bert, Italian Director-general of Police, has died suddenly at Rome of an apoplectic attack. Deceased was taking his lunch at a café, and was conversing with Signor Silvagni, Prefect of Aquila, when he complained of feeling unwell. He was at once conveyed to his residence, but died scarcely reached. His death was a great loss to the Italian Government, and his death has produced a deep impression.

A claim made by Lady Howard de Walden to a picture of John Augustus, Lord Hervey, by Gainsborough, was on Wednesday before Mr. Justice Kay. The picture, which at one time belonged to the plaintiff's deceased husband, is now in possession of the Marquis of Epsom, at Ickworth, and there was no evidence of the terms upon which it changed owners. His lordship held that the burden of proving her property in the picture rested with Lady Howard de Walden, and as she had failed in this, he dismissed her action with costs.

Henry Rhodes, a bookmaker, was, at the Birmingham Police Court, fined £40 and costs, with the alternative of three months' imprisonment for receiving bets in a public thoroughfare. The defendant was seen to receive bets from nine or ten persons, including two small boys. In his possession were ten papers relating to betting. The presiding magistrate characterised the offence as one of the most shocking character, as the defendant had even received bets from children.

At the Glasgow High Court, Archibald McEneaney driver, was charged with having on the 28th August, at Milngavie Junction, on the North British Railway, allowed his passenger train to come into collision with a goods train, although the signals were against him. The Crown, after offering some evidence, abandoned the prosecution, Lord Kylachy observing that the driver was guilty of a very grave error of judgment, and he was liberated. The jury considered that the

company should be censured for not having a Westinghouse brake on the train.

Osmán Digma is again in cash. He is reported to have sold a large amount of produce to a firm in Alexandria.

Rubinstein says that 50 per cent. of the Germans understand music; 16 per cent. of the French; and two per cent. of the English.

Mr. Gladstone is struck with the portentous growth of wealth, and calculates the annual addition to the capital of this country at not less than £200,000,000.

"It would not be unreasonable," Mr. Gladstone says, "to estimate the entire capital of the country, by conjecture, at less than from £10,000,000,000 to £15,000,000,000."

The new Lord Mayor has consented to provide at the presentation of prizes of the London Rifle Brigade, at the Crystal Palace, towards the end of the month.

A bill introduced into the Hungarian Diet grants six years' freedom from the land tax to wine growers whose vineyards have suffered from phylloxera.

At Warkworth, the other day, a peculiar incident occurred, a pair of horses falling dead outside a church in which a wedding was taking place.

Mr. George J. Ingram, of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, has been appointed by the council secretary of the Home for Working Boys in London—offices, Buckingham-street, Strand.

A memorial tablet has been placed in York Minster to the memory of three officers and 290 non-commissioned officers and men of the 51st Regiment, who fell in India between the years 1872 and 1887.

Sir W. Marriott, speaking at the annual dinner of the Theford Conservative Club, defined any Radical to extract from the Middle-class speeches any definite meaning on which Mr. Gladstone could be forced to act if by any chance he returned to power.

A man named Thomas Woolfolk has been hanged at Fenny, Georgia, for the murder of his father, his stepmother, two stepbrothers, four stepdaughters, and an aged female visitor. The motive for the series of crimes is supposed to have been the hope of obtaining the family property.

The Corporation, having ascertained that considerable quantities of petroleum, mostly of a low class, are stored within the City without license, have determined to prosecute every case that is brought to their notice, the public being warned from non-compliance with the Act being obvious and great.

At the Newcastle Diocesan Conference a resolution was passed on the motion of Earl Percy, regretting that the Government had failed for the fourth time to pass the Tithe Rent-Charge Recovery Bill, and expressed the opinion that precedence should be given to such legislation in the next session.

A Parliamentary return shows that in the years 1887, 1888, and 1889, the justices of the peace refused 163 applications for licenses in the counties of England and Wales, and 65 in the boroughs; 88 borough licenses in the counties, and 125 in the boroughs; and 29 other licenses in the counties and 61 in the boroughs.

The council of the Protestant Churches' Alliance is refraining from any public demonstration pending the delivery of the judgment on the Lincoln case by the Archbishop of Canterbury, but is prepared to take action in this direction as soon as his grace shall have formally announced the decision of the court.

The marriage of Mr. James McGrigor, Bart., to Miss Nina Meigs, daughter of Mr. John Meigs, was solemnised on Thursday at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, in the presence of a large and fashionable congregation. The bride wore a costume of white duchesse satin, draped with old point lace, and trimmed with sprays of white heather.

Captain Grombtshevski, the Central Asian explorer, returned on Tuesday to Osh from his expedition to the Hindoo Koosh, having made a topographical survey extending over a distance of 7,000 versts and determined 73 astronomical points and 357 heights. Captain Grombtshevski, besides making a series of meteorological observations, also brought to Osh a number of natural history specimens of scientific value.

An immense black vulture, which appears to have recently escaped from captivity, was shot on Thursday at Petersham by Major Phipps from his bedroom window. It was subsequently discovered that it had attacked and severely wounded a child in an adjoining room. The vulture measured nearly 3ft. from back to tail, and attached to one of its legs was an iron ring, with a portion of a brass chain.

A lecture on the German Exhibition it is proposed to hold in London next year, was given on Wednesday night by Mr. John R. Whitley at the German Athenaeum, Mortimer-street. The lecturer gave an interesting retrospective view of the history of the German Exhibitions, held at Earl's Court, and proceeded to point out the advantages that would accrue to German arts and industries were Germany to hold an exhibition of her products in the metropolis.

The trial of a solid-diant baroness is creating much excitement in Vienna. She was formerly chambermaid in an hotel at Lins, and



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memory

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**THE EYEBROWS**  
**PRODUCED BY ARRA-**  
It is invaluable to  
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**LIAR-ED, LONDON.**

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